LONDON LIFE.

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No. 16. LONDON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879. ONE PENNY.

INCONSTANT WOMEN.

INCONSTANT WOMEN.

"Frailty, thy name is woman;" but there can be no effect without a cause. The easiest task in the world is to condemn, but no right-minded person condemns in a wholesale fashion, but the rather, in the exercise of the true spirit of charity, looks for an excuse and cause from which evil springs.

That inconstancy upon the part of wives, and of daughters exists, and is the crying evil of the day, no one, for a moment, can doubt.

Perhaps the real origin of this social disease, lies principally in the way in which women are now trained in their early youth.

At one time, to make a girl fit for an honest man's wife, meant to teach her how to darn stockings, keep a house clean, to cook a dinner properly, and to be in every way a helpmate to her husband.

Now, the sole idea of young ladies is, as to who among their clique shall be the best dancer, the most accomplished pianist, the finest linguist, and the best dressed woman of the social circle in which they move.

Where our grandfathers and grandmothers thought of ending, their descendants, now-a-days, must needs begin.

Fast life means neither more or less than sin, and over-indulgence and luxurious habits mean adultery and inconstancy of every kind. But we pity women of the day, for they are exposed to such horrible temptations.

From our heart of hearts, we do not so much believe it to be the result of a desire wilfully to do wrong. We do not believe that theatres and concerts are the cause of the crying evil of the day, we are involuntarily compelled to look elsewhere for the cause.

Now, we do not write as mere amateurs, nor do we wish to use an *ad captandum* arguments.

Do not the records of the Divorce Court show that from whence we naturally look for the greatest security, the greatest danger really comes?

Oh! says some infatuous mother, if my child would only attend regularly the ministry of the worthy Mr. Mawworm, if she were only once safely within the fold, what a happy woman I should be!

No greater delusion ever existed. Many an innocent young wife has become a scandal and a byeword in society through these blessed shepherds, whose chief business seems to be, to devour the tenderest lambs of the flock.

Stiggins is unctuous, but infinite craft and diabolical cunning lies concealed beneath his blatant, greasy piety. Chadband looks round the house when no one but the female portion of the household is at home, and mulcts the innocents of every penny that they can find, under the pretence of aiding the mission for sending "flannel jackets and moral pocket handkerchiefs to the little niggers in the West Indies."

Muffins and crumpets, marmalade and bacon, eggs and watercress, and tea ad galore, with unlimited whiskey to follow, these hypocritical dangerous scoundrels can swallow without compunction, and with an appetite that would disgrace a gorilla.

Of course the meal is interlarded with wretched cant, which goes down with silly women as gospel, but it is a kind of gospel of which Simon Magus, or Hymenæus and Alexander, would have been ashamed. How these old beasts ogle the young women of the household, even Mary, the servant, not being able to escape their glances, which flash lust of the vilest kind, one need not further describe.

Splendid compeers of the regular priests are the "Christian Workers," whose peculiarities we discussed in our last week's number, and an illustration of whose sinister work we give upon the front page of our present edition. Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, and the impenitent thief on the cross, were gentlemen compared with such scoundrels as these. The quintessence of grease, the acmé of lewdness, the most sickening sham, are all combined in an unutterably abominable manner, in the persons of these canting thieves.

We deliberately call them thieves, for they rob husbands of their wives, children of their parent, and desecrate the sanctity of any home into which they can secure an entrance.

Prating of the gospel they seek to imbue the minds of the women with whom they come in contact, with all the filthy literature they can command.

A few stock phrases limits their knowledge of Scripture. In lewd literature they are *facile princeps*, and the fastest man of the day could not hold a candle to them.

Women who never dreamed of wrong, who undoubtedly meant to keep inviolable their marriage vows, gradually get their minds permeated with filth, and lose their mental and moral balance, and fall before they know the danger in which they are involved, and can appreciate the dire consequences of the inevitable ruin which must follow upon their fatal steps.

Husbands and fathers. Hearken to words of advice from those who give it in the true spirit of Christian charity. Send these prowlers, mis-called Christian Workers, to the right about face, and do not let them come into your houses while you are absent.

We have warned you, and so have fulfilled our duty. Take heed. We speak unto wise men, judge ye what we say.

OUR DEFENCE.

"Another Daniel come to judgement, and this time in the person of Mr. Headlam, the Stipendiary Magistrate of Manchester.

This distinguished barrister-at-law, who not having any practice at the Bar, secured, through his distinguished relation, the late Right Hon. T. E. Headlam, M.P., the post which he at present occupies, has discovered that this journal is indecent.

The only ground upon which he, and the local nonentities who sat with him, came to this conclusion, was, that it was most undesirable literature for boys and girls to read.

To use Lord Coleridge's famous expression, would Mr. Headlam and his brother worthies "be surprised to hear" that the writer of this article would not exchange his legal knowledge for that of the worthy Manchester Stipendiary, even though he could throw into the scale that of any half-dozen Stipendiaries, whom he could select, throughout the Kingdom.

Were their entire brains boiled down, upon Liebeg's Extract of Meat principle, there would not remain enough to fill a sixpenny pot.

Let our readers and the general public consider Mr. Headlam's law.

We assert, without fear of contridiction, first of all, that the issue as regards *London Life* ought to have been tried, purely and simply, upon its own merits.

London Life is not to be classed with any other journal; it has distinctive characteristics of its own. While not wishing, for a moment, to cast aspersions upon any of his contemporaries, the proprietor of *London Life* cannot, in common decency, be held responsible for indiscretions upon the part of others.

Mr. Headlam's legal lore, scanty though it may be, ought to, at least, to have taught him this.

The issue as to the propriety or the impropriety of *London Life* ought to have been fought out upon its own merits.

Rightly did the solicitor for the defence aver that not one single indecent illustration, or one word that could shock the most sensitive, has ever appeared in this journal. We challenge anyone to prove the contrary.

The sole aim of this paper has been to denounce wrong of every kind, to advocate all that which tended to the higher elevation of the masses.

We have never curried favour, nor pandered to prurient tastes, nor, on the other hand, have we hesitated to denounce that which we believed it to be in the interest of morality to denounce.

Does Mr. Headlam think that our illustrations are lewd? Let the worthy magistrate visit London, and see exposed in shop windows portraits of Zulu women in a state of nudity, advertised as being drawn from the life. Let him look at the photographs only excused on the ground that they are drawn from well known works of art, of women and men, where there is not the decency of covering the unmentionable, by even the fag end of a fig leaf, and let him look at the "Pink Dominoes," played for months under the license of the Lord Chamberlain, witness the bye-play, the old scoundrel gloating over the album, and then ask himself on what grounds he can condemn a respectable periodical, because it simply "holds the mirror up to nature," and that not nearly so strongly as it could have done had the proprietor or those who contribute to the paper, felt inclined to use even within the limits laid down, the power which the law has given them.

Lumped down with other papers, for which it is in no shape or form to be held responsible, *London Life* has been condemned by "Justice Shallow," and upon what grounds?

After long deliberation the magistrate, and the Municipal Nincompoops who helped him with their counsel, came to the conclusion that the fifty quires of *London Life*, found upon the premises of Mr. Owen, a respectable Manchester citizen, should be destroyed, as it was "most undesirable literature for boys and girls to read." Are these Manchester wiseacres aware that *London Life* is not published for boys and girls, not even for Stipendiary Magistrates, nor even for the effete animals who, having made some money in business, think it to be the correct thing to do to become magistrates, by favour of some local M.P.'s influence with the Government of the day, though the majority of them do not know the difference between great A and a bull's foot, and for lack of writing capacity, have to put their cross to their own cheques.

Let all our readers distinctly understand this, that the Manchester decision in no way affects this journal. We publish every Tuesday as heretofore, and shall continue to do so.

We have met with no interference or insult in London, or anywhere else than in Manchester. Let Manchester, if she is content, bear the disgrace that, under her municipal *régime*, she has made the first assault upon the freedom of the Press, that glorious palladium of English liberty.

The triumph will be but short. We shall sell our journal again in Manchester, all the powers that be notwithstanding.

Meanwhile, even as we write, from all classes and ranks of society, letters of encouragement and sympathy are pouring in. We thank all our friends cordially, and assure them that so long as we can find gentlemen to write, and a generous public to support, *London Life* shall go on, prospering and to prosper, Phariseeism, Sadduceeism, and Blue-bottleism notwithstanding!

POOR CABBY.

There is no class of men that has been more maligned than has that of those hard-workers, whose cause we intend, in this article, to advocate as strenuously and urgently as we can.

Cabmen have hitherto been treated as "Ishmaelites," every man's hand against them, and their's against every man. A grosser injustice we cannot possibly conceive, and, undoubtedly, it arises from a gross misconception of the facts.

Everyone will readily admit that the daily life of a London Cabman is as hard a one as it is possible to conceive. Exposed to all kinds of weather, enduring long hours, knowing rarely anyhing of what can fairly be denominated as home comforts, content even if he can pay rent and secure decent subsistence for himself and his family, he is entitled to all human sympathy, rather than having to bear the opprobrium which inevitably is attached to the word "Cabby."

Now we venture fearlessly to assert, that so far from being attacked in the way he is, a cabman belongs to a class as honourable, straightforward, and hard-working as any other class which exists.

What are the charges made against cabmen? The commonest one is, that they are drunken and vulgar.

Police Court statistics emphatically contradict the former charge, because the cases of cabmen convicted of drunkenness are very few and far between. Even were they more numerous than they are, ample excuse could be made for the delinquents.

Wet through from rain or snow, pinched with biting frost, the blood chilled in his veins, what can one of these men do, except draw up for a moment at some public-house, and have a glass of hot grog, with the hope that thereby he may obtain some temporary warmth, at all events; and even if through want of caution on his own part, or indiscreet hospitality upon the part of his "Fare," he should take a little more than is good for him, surely an excuse can be made in such cases, with infinitely greater force, than can be urged upon the part of those who revel in beastiality, without the plea that it was "to keep the cold out." But, as we have said, the fact remains, that there are very few convictions recorded against Cabmen for drunkennes.

Another charge made against this class is, that they are foul-mouthed and excessively vulgar. This is an infamous slander. We do not profess to set "Cabby" up as an "Adonis" or "Count D'Orsay" in disguise. But take the men generally, they will favourably compare with any other class of toilers, and if occasionally

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LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

HOT SPICE

Facts are stubborn things. Many's the time, before I ever dreamt of donning the motley, have I written these four words, as a head line in my copy book, and in reviewing a somewhat eventful life, the thought naturally recurs to me: — "keep to the facts."

* * *

You, whether peer or peasant, gentle or simple, pretty well know that the Jester is no writer of fiction but the vendor of plain, unvarnished, unadulterated truth.

* * *

Here is my proof, and I throw down my gage to any other fool, who dares to say I do not state facts.

* * *

Last week I referred to a lad I met in Leeds, who kindly volunteered to show me the sights of that town.

* * *

I have just received the following letter from him and I take the opportunity of printing and circulating it:

* * *

"Dear Sir,—I am very thankful for your kindness in this week's issue of *London Life*, and I am very sorry we are not able to sell your paper in Leeds. The agents here are afraid to keep them. My partner met with a misfortune last week, which has left us short of cash, or we should have sent for some ourselves and run the risk. I was glad to see the hint to Sam the Newsman and his daughter, or his niece I should say.—Yours faithfully, J.B.

* * *

Now then, ye gentlemen of the police force, whether City Metropolitan, or County, recollect that although such lads as these do not wear a blue uniform, yet they are made of the same flesh and blood as yourselves, and many of them, as I have found, possess better sense and feeling than men in blue, with numbers on their collars, that precaution being taken, I suppose, in case they should be lost.

* * *

The misfortune that my friend of Leeds spoke of in his letter is that his partner (these street lads generally work in couples) lost his father the same day that I arrived in Leeds, and the Jester, having lost a kind father and an affectionate mother a few years ago, could not but help silently dropping a tear of sympathy with the poor fellow.

* * *

Fancy "Beaky" dining with paupers in a workhouse! Heaven save the mark! Gladstone can eat a good honest meal with his poorer brethren, but the other wants "champagne jelly."

* * *

We question whether there is much more difference between the honesty and real intellectual capacity of the two great statesmen and their physical strength. There are only four years difference between the ages of the two, yet one crawls leaning heavily upon the arm of his "Fidus Achates," the other can cut down a giant tree, and think nothing of it.

* * *

Peterborough Court and Printing House Square may detract and snarl, presently they will be glad to be allowed to kiss the hem of Gladstone's garment.

* * *

A wonderful paper is the *D.T.* Any one who can pay the price can insert an advertisement in it. Swindlers rush to it, and one half the rogues in creation find it a God-send, a splendid medium whereby to carry out their infamous ends.

A woman, by trade a dressmaker, takes a bit of a room, and advertises in the *D.T.* for an apprentice. Eight other apprentices are stated to be already in this person's employ, receiving home comforts, aye, even luxuries of every kind, and they are taught their trade to perfection.

* * *

A premium of £25 is all that is asked for these wondrous advantages, and the milliner asserts that her business connection is with duchesses, marchionesess, and wealthy grandees of all sorts andkinds.

* * *

Jester did not have to wait long for the development which he had anticipated.

* * *

The new apprentice found only one fellow sufferer, not eight. Fish and dry bread one day, a small quantity of scrag of mutton another day, and bread and cheese on the third, constituted the unfortunate girl's mid-day meals.

* * *

Baronesses, duchesses, and aristocratic customers, vanished alike into thin air. In their stead were miserable meals, and according to the apprentice's own statements, filthy beds and abominably dirty sheets.

* * *

Sic transit gloria mundi. But that fashionable West-End dressmaker, ought to be made to re-fand the £25 premium, and parents having children to place out in some kind or other of business should look elsewhere than in the columns of the *D.T.*, or they may find out that they have been very in-*jew*-dicious.

* * *

Asked I of a "bung" while chatting,
Thinking he surely would know.
Barmen are always quite young men.
Where do the old ones all go?
Winked he with a wink of slyness,
Whispered with a knowing nod:
Half them are put into houses,
And the other goes to Quod.

* * *

A very interesting ceremony is that of a Jewish wedding, and so every one thought who was present at the New Synagogue, Heygate Street, Walworth, on Wednesday last.

* * *

The happy pair were Miss Mary Lazarus, and Mr. Joseph Davis, and the ceremony was performed by the Revs. S. Levy, and P. Ormstein. Evidently the happy pair have many friends, as the assembled throng who witnessed the nuptials manifested the greatest interest.

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Our fair readers will be interested in knowing that the bride wore a dress of ivory-coloured satin, tastefully trimmed with flowers. Her head-dress consisted of a long veil, surmounted with a wreath of orange blossoms.

* * *

The bridesmaids were the bride's three sisters, the Misses Kate, Phœbe, and Nancy Lazarus.

* * *

The wedding breakfast, to which more than fifty guests were invited, was given at the Beresford Assembly Rooms, and among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Lazarus, Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs, Mr. B. Solomons, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. S. Davis and Sister, Mr. and Mrs. Berstein, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mr. J. Lazarus, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. anh Mrs. P. Ernstein, and Mr. H. Joel.

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The breakfast consisted of all the delicacies of the season, and in the evening, a ball was given, which was largety attended hy invited guests.

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The musical arrangements were under the guidance of Mr. Edwin Schilling, assisted by his talented family; and their harmony largely contributed to the splendid success of the evening. Dancing was kept up with unflagging interest until a late hour.

* * *

Boys! Do not be afraid of selling *London Life*. If the police interfere with you, take their numbers, and send them to us. You need not obstruct passengers; keep moving on, and no one has any right to touch you. You are free citizens of the world. Challenge anyone, who says the paper is indecent, to point out a coarse passage in it. Boys! You must get your livelihood somehow, and how better can you do it than by selling a respectable journal. Let those who grumble find you something better to do, and you will discover that, like Alsager Hay Hill, they will profess to "brigade" you, as they call it, which only means that they will leave you in the lurch to do the best you can for yourselves.

The drainage at Brixton must be very defective, as after a heavy shower, the streets are flooded; the water has to be pumped out of hundreds of houses; especially at the White Horse, the cellars of which were flooded. The beer, one would have thought, must have been rather watery, but such was not the case, for the proprietor is a jolly good sort of fellow, who knows how to treat his customers.

* * *

It is not usual for the *beau monde* to come to London in November, but this year will probably prove an exception, when the gentleman commonly known among his friends as "Jimmy Hannen," resumes his seat in the Divorce Court, there will be some racy things to be heard.

* * *

The vulgarity of Smith's, Snook's or Jobbin's cases, is so very uninteresting but when it comes to the reputation of a Duke, or a Marquis, and several well-known leaders of society, male or female, are involved, therein it becomes infinitely too great a treat to be missed.

* * *

A new way for ladies and gentlemen to proceed, who wish to get married, and to save the trouble of long courtship. Following the plan adopted by the King of Spain and the Archduchess of Austria.

* * *

Let the would-be bridegroom send to Papa a message, "I should like to marry your daughter." Papa sends back, "With pleasure, but you see, before the ceremony you should meet." "Oh, with pleasure. Name a day and place." How easy and pleasant, and what an amount of fuss it would save.

* * *

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" We are forcibly reminded of this utterance, delivered on a memorable occasion, by a memorable personage.

* * *

The bare idea of a daily sporting paper preaching morality, and condemning infinitely superior and moral papers, because it happens to be, just now, what the racing cad calls "the cheese."

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Need we say that we never saw a copy of the *Sportsman*, except once, and that was accidentally, in the water-closet of a friend, and we hope we may never, even under the exigencies of circumstances, be forced to resort to it again, even for temporary relief in the shape of literature.

* * *

The *Sportsman* denounces what, by a euphemism it is pleased to call "penny dreadfuls." Who are the readers of the sporting papers? Mostly a set of blear-eyed, cavern-mouthed, heavy-chinned, prominent-cheek-boned, narrow-foreheaded, looking animals, whom any respectable man, with a watch to steal, or a purse to save, would be afraid to meet on a dark night in a lonely spot.

* * *

The sporting journals' constituents can be seen in Fleet Street on any afternoon, in front of the *Sporting Life* Office, when any great race is on. Crowds of unwashed are there; men whose very appearance is enough to make the passer-by ashamed of his humanity. We question much whether hell, or our own gaols, could belch forth such emanations.

* *

"Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Let sporting journals clean out their own dirty dustbins, and they may perhaps give with some decent grace their attention to their betters.

* * *

When they have done with touts who send up all the "stiff-uns," so that their masters may lay odds against them; when the course is clear of welshers and semi-aristocratic scoundrels, then let them begin to direct their attention to other existing evils, but in common decency not until then.

* * *

We are sorry to have wasted so much space upon such human excrescences. One is forcibly reminded of Rowland Hill, who when preaching from the text, "And in that night was Belshazzar the King of the Childeans slain," after a quarter of an hour's description of Belshazzar, and the horrible debauchery of the feast, said, "I have wasted enough time upon this beast, now for the lesson to be derived."

* * *

Where are the Police? This was the cry last Friday night, as waiting for the last train from Clapham Road, myself and two friends found ourselves strolling into the Clapham Road, having got tired of waiting at the station.

Under the Railway Arch was at least twenty prostitutes, and at least as many roughs, who I suppose were their Fancy Men or Bullies, engaging in a free fight.

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Such a scene I have seldom witnessed, either in the Dials or Ratcliff Highway.

* * *

Men and women punching, biting, kicking, and tearing the hair out of each other's heads by the roots, rolling over and over each other on the ground, till utterly exhausted, after about a quarter of an hour, they were alarmed, and perhaps thought they had had enough of it, off they ran in different directions, but not the sign of a policeman was there to be seen.

FIREWORKS.

Assomoir, a trap (*vide* French Dictionary). Now, a trap is a snare, and gin is a snare, according to the proverbial teetotal lecturer.

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Of what was Charles Reade thinking, to miss this fine paraphrase? "Drink" might even be London Companies' Water, and D. T. is not brought on by that, whatever else may be. "Gin," I suggest, as the title for one of the thousand-and-one adaptations, with which we are threatened.

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We think the caterer for the City Concert Hall should keep his eye on some good genuine talent. Bristol has of late been favoured with men and women who never were intended by nature to sting, only possessing an unlimited amount of impudence and have palmed themselves off as artists. The City has produced some good talent, and we hope it will again. So, hurrah! for the West!

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I am told that some of the people who figured in the Cremorne scene at the Duke's have migrated to Astley's, where they have an opportunity of showing themselves off in the Race scene in the Flying Scud.

* * *

It is a great pity that these unpaid supers should be allowed by the managers to crowd the stage, if only for a short time, as, directly they get outside the theatre, as a matter of course, the first thing these boys and girls do, is to repair to the nearest pub., and boast of being members of the company.

* * *

Such doings bring theatricals and theatrical people into contempt, and I do not hesitate to say that it is at least injudicious on the part of the management.

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The other evening, at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, one of the frail daughters of Eve amused herself by trying to keep her companion's eyeglass in her eye, but which, either from want of practice, or from having imbibed too much brandy, could not succeed. It is well they did not stay long, as there was a detec. watching the pair, and although he had not the glass, he kept his eye firmly fixed on them till the couple made a hurried exit.

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Poor "Jo'" at the "Surrey" draws good houses; the acting of the diminutive Jenny Lee being excellent, especially the scene where Jo' dies.

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The weather being bad on the days that Billy Holland was to have his "Big Ben" at North Woolwich, he appealed against his numerous supporters, and the British public in general, to support him for three more days, namely, Sept. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, and we are happy to say he has not appealed in vain.

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Monday being fine the Gardens were crowded to excess.

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They might do things a trifle better at the "Olympic," in the scene where the wolves are supposed to be howling at the door, and even put their heads under it, a man's hand was not necessary, as people are well aware that they (the wolves) are only dummies.

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At the Royal Aquarium Madame Lanner is about to produce "ballet" on a grand scale with the pupils of Mapleson's great school at "Her Majesty's." Among the principals is Mdlle. Luna, who is the daughter, we understand, of Mr. John Lauri, of long Terpsichorean fame.

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they indulge in undesirable expletives, who does not, from Royalty downwards?

But what men are exposed to so much annoyance as are Cabmen. A drunken swell hires a cab, keeps a a man driving about all day, and then refuses to pay, and will not even give an address. The only alternative for the driver is to go to the nearest police-station, and after the authorities have compelled the hirer to give his name and address, to summon the delinquent to appear before a magistrate; and if as in many cases, the address proves to be false, the cabman is left in the lurch. Yet this man has to pay the master from whom he hires the vehicle, and is probably left, after his hard work, without a shilling to take home, that he can fairly call his own.

So far from blaming the driver, we can only say, that though we ourselves belong to the strictly pious school of thought, the swearing of the British soldiers in Flanders would not compare with what we, under the circumstances, should indulge in, anymore than would a leaf with a forest, or a parched pea to the Himalaya Mountains.

Another charge made against "Cabby" is that he is extortionate. This may be true in some cases, but "one swallow does not make summer," nor does it always hold good that:

"One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest."

There are black sheep in every flock, but as a rule we say that cabmen are not extortionate. They have to put up with all the whims and disagreeableness of the hirer.

This fussy notion and that must be borne with; this package must be put inside, that must inevitably go out. Ancient dames, and antiquated old gentlemen, illiterate snobs, and purse-proud aristocrats, have all to be borne with, and if the Cabman opens his mouth woe betide him, for at once he is condemned as an impudent scoundrel.

At the journey's end if cabby recollects the wasted time in packing luggage, in carrying it into the house, and on arrival only gets the bare fare for distance, and with the recollection strong upon him of how much he has to pay the master, when he drives into the yard, and of the requirements of his humble home, ventures to ask for a "little extra," at once he is denounced as an extortioner, and is treated with contumely and insult.

The honesty of the Cabmen is indisputable. The records of Scotland Yard shew this. The testimony of the Prince of Wales, derived from statistics furnished to him, incontestably prove this fact.

It may suit a paper like the *Referee*, and it may suit George R. Sims, under the pseudonym of "Dagonet," to blackguard Cabmen, and impute their honesty, to the fact that they get an *ad-valorem* percentage upon all that they bring to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard. *Prima facie* this is as absurd as it is libellous, and Sims had better devote his time towards making his *One and All*, a success instead of making a villainous attack upon a hard-working, long-enduring class.

For our own part, we unhesitatingly assert that, take them for all in all, London Cabmen are an eminently deserving, industrious, and well conducted body of men.

It is a pleasure for us to put in a good word for them. They may well balance against such detractors as we have mentioned, the testimony of the Prince of Wales, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Sir E. Y. W. Henderson, Sir Charles Palmer, and a thousand others, and our own fearless honest testimony, and they will find a splendid balance in their favour.

INDECENT BATHING.

It is indeed greatly to be regretted that perhaps one of the most healthful and joyous recreations of the summer holidays at the sea-side should be marked by indecency. There is no reason whatever why this state of things should continue from year to year unchecked, and stigmatize with disgrace some of the most fashionable watering places in England.

Indecent bathing may be classified under the following heads:

First, as regards the bathing dresses themselves. Second, the undue proximity of ladies to gentlemen's bathing places. Third, the mingling of the sexes together.

In the first place the ordinary bathing blue serge gown which is in such general requisition among the fair sex, is, when wet, apt to cling with skin-like tightness to the form whose contour is thus somewhat too freely displayed.

Our neighbours, the French, have for some years past used bathing costumes of charming variety as regards colour and design, which are so adapted to the form that they are in all respects models of decorum and grace, and at the same time do not in the least interfere with the delights of bathing. English bathers might easily obtain the same costumes at a trifling expense and trouble, by having them made, or by procuring them at any large outfitters.

In the second place the bathing places for ladies should be situated a much greater distance from that of the gentlemen than is at present the case, for it is by no means uncommon to find only fifty yards separating, the two sexes when a quarter of a mile, at least, should intervene. Not so very long since a lady informed me that a man actually swam past her machine, while she was dressing, and stared rudely therein, and when remonstrated with by the bathing people, said that the tide had carried him that way. Of course, while gentlemen are allowed to bathe so near the ladies these occurrences are by no means uncommon.

Until within the last few years men were actually allowed to bathe without any covering whatever, but so many gross cases of indecency being the result, all men are now compelled to wear drawers.

In France both men and women wear bathing costumes, so anything approaching ever to immodesty is quite out of the question.

Thirdly, mingling of the sexes together is one of the worst forms of indecency, and one which few persons without having beheld are likely to believe, yet, nevertheless, such a state of things was carried on at a watering place not a thousand miles from the Isle of Thanet.

Bathers who *said they were married* were actually shown into the same bathing machine, and this was a common practice at the bathing place I allude to. That such a state of things should have been tolerated for one moment can but reflect the deepest disgrace upon not only the bathing people, but also on the

authorities, who could hardly have had their eyes closed to such glaring indecency.

Some of the scenes which I have witnessed at this marine resort are utterly unfit to be mentioned, suffice it to say that the commonest decency was utterly discarded, and no lady could indulge in a sea bath without being disgusted at the complete want of modesty on all sides, which prevailed. I have often been ashamed at beholding some ancient satyr sitting on the beach, close to the ladies machines, and gloating as he watched the female bathers.

Any person who is acquainted with our sea-side resorts must have noticed the stamp of man I speak of, they are always to be found on the beach, close to the water's edge, and as near as possible to the fair bathers, who, if they were only clad in one of the French bathing costumes, could then defy the lewd glances of these dirty old men, some of whom, by the way, I have actually seen peering through opera glasses. That such persons are permitted to congregate at spots set apart for ladies bathing ought never under any circumstances, to be allowed, more especially so as the old-fashioned bathing gown is most unsuited to repel their amorous impertinence.

A great deal might be said with regard to men bathing, but I am happy to observe that hardly a summer passes by without some offender reaping the reward of his indecency at the hands of the magistrates. Such instances have a more or less salutory effect upon others, for the number of charges of indecent bathing are yearly decreasing. The only true and real remedy against this evil is to be found in the general adoption of the French bathing costumes which would finally put an end to indecent bathing.

MANCHESTER DENS.

It is amusing, oh! highly diverting! to think that in Manchester, perhaps one of the most uncultivated and rowdy cities or towns in England, the morals of the people are so zealously guarded by the powers that be that no literature is permitted to be sold in its virgin streets, but what is considered by the immaculate censors to be fit and proper food for the mind. Now we should not be disposed to quarrel with this fiat if it was in harmony with the general characteristics of the murky city, but as there is a wide discrepancy between facts as they exist, and theory as advanced, we shall be doing a public service in exposing the shallow hypocrisy which dictates the decision arrived at in stopping the sale of objectional serials, not so much for their alleged indecency as for their exposure of patrician vice. So far as "London Life" is concerned its existence is safe. No effort of provincial noodles and poodles can effect any dimunition in its circulation. Taking its standpoint upon the ground of facts, it appeals to the consideration of a discriminating public, and if these facts are sometimes unpalatable, it is far more in accordance with the dictates of wisdom to reform what are demoralising and pernicious than to endeavour to condone them by trying to prevent their exposure. A festering sore is not healed by plastering it over, neither are abuses rectified so easily, a free press is a glorious institution, and its privileges are far above the assailment of ignorant Jacks-in-office. All efforts to smother them are futile, and like gold in the refiner's crucible, it passes the brighter, from having gone through the ordeal.

But our object in writing this article is not so much to justify ourselves against our critits, which need no support in its advancement of truth, as to pourtray scenes and circumstances which are allowed immunity by the pious wise-acres of Manchester. Take for instance its nightly resorts of, "save the mark," harmony. The lowest sing-songs of London are pure in comparison with them. Even Seven Dials and Ratcliff Highway cannot compete with them in obscenity, and the rowdiest crew in Shadwell are refined compared with their frequenters. A great thinker once observed that the tone of a nation might be judged by its songs, and no doubt but what there is a fund of reflection in this aphorism; what, then, must be the conclusion to be arrived at in perusing the songs of this Lancashire city, and yet sheets of the broadest description of sentiment are permitted a weekly circulation, and the authorities wink at the dissemination of such garbage. Truly the minds of these great men are very logical in allowing any kind of local publication the widest liberty, and yet attempt to restrain wholesome literature, which by denouncing humbug, tyranny, and immorality, helps to keep under the vices of the age.

But we are digressing. In low quarters of Manchester, we repeat, there are rendezvous of such an obscene character, that sensible people may well marvel that any town allows it; for, of course, if the police are aware of any of the pretty goings on in Manchester, they must be cognisant of the existence of these dens of iniquity. The language one is compelled to listen to at these nightly resorts of the idle and abandoned, is something appalling. The startling oaths, the lewd character of the songs howled, not sang, the debauched air and demeanour of the regular frequenters, and the hoarse, foul bandinage indulged in, might well startle a Londoner, even one who had seen every phase of town life, like ourselves. Yet Manchester, forsooth, respectable Manchester, which, dresses in broadcloth, and assumes a moral attitude, permits such occurences to take place in their midst, sanctioned, by the powerful interests of precedent and custom. Certain, a long course in the indulgence of vice, or even in its recognition, blunts the susceptibilities, and it is curious to observe what flattering unction men may lay to their souls, who, by opposing imagined viciousness, miss the opportunity of dealing with the reality, rampant in their midst. "London Life" is not an indecent print, and no fools or fanatics can stop it. We will allow that it is bold, blunt, independent, and unflinching in its denunciation of the selfishness, hypocricy, lewdness, and callousness of the ruling classes. Its voice is raised fearlessly in defence of virtue, by the unsparing exposure of vice, and if anyone shall dare to say, that in consequence of its frankness, it must be immoral, we fearlessly proclaim that such persons, however high may be their station, or however guarded their reputation, are more fit for pity and contempt, than anger; for surely they must hold themselves up to scorn and ridicule, possessing power without knowledge, and legal functions without understanding them. The magnates of London are bumptuous and thick-headed enough in all conscience, but their stupidity is surpassed by their Manchester brethren. These are the class of men who would have excommunicated Rowland Hill, the eccentric preacher, for his contemptuous denouncement of seeming goodness, or would have sent Dean Swift to blazes for his hostility to humbug.

A journal devoted to education offered a prize for the best epigram on the following announcement:—"Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has received a commission to execute a bust of Lord Beaconsfield before leaving England." The prize was awarded to the following.

* * *

"An actor by an actress—what more fit?
A courtier to a courtezan* should sit.
Who reads the 'Asian Mystery' of our Sphynx?
No native Œdipus, a Paris minx.
By a *Juive errante* distant times shall view
Immortalized our everlasting Jew.
But oh! no marble; brass is fitter stuff
For him, and she of brass has, sure, enough.

* * *

The editor confesses to having altered a word here,* and has substituted "court lady" for what the author wrote; but Jester, from his intuitive perception of the fitness of things, has no doubt in his own mind, that he has divined the correct word.

* * *

Lord Beaconsfield is not always on the *qui vive*. A Lancashire man has drawn the badger this week.

* * *

Even his political partizans cannot make out the designs of the "Asian Mystery." The man with two faces can never be trusted. That impurturbable face looks two ways, without the slightest inconvenience.

* * *

Daniel O'Connell called the present Prime Minister "the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." And there was a great deal of real truth in the description.

* * *

The only difference between the Prime Minister and the acknowledged head of the Christian Church. One died upon the Cross, the other lived upon it.

* * *

Goschen at Ripon was a treat. Said the worthy German Jew Financier, "I am not dischorged from London City, but I do not want to divide the Liberal party, and my opinions are not altogether in accord with theirs, especially on the equalisation of the borough and county franchise.

* * *

Now, George Joachim, why did you not tell the truth? What you should have said, was neither more or less than this: "I want to keep in with the aristocracy, and my hold upon them, is not strong enough to allow me to sympathise with the mobocracy."

* * *

George Joachim, why did you not say plainly: "Mrs. G. gives parties, and the swells are glad to come to them, We have the money, and they have the titles. We cannot afford to quarrel."

* * *

Every wind that blows politically shews clearly that there is a strong revulsion of feeling, and poor John Bull intends coming back to the old love, the "People's William."

* * *

John has deep cause for regret that he ever forsook the old love, and took on with the new. Extra taxation, money lavishly expended, on merely chimerical ideas, indulgence in phantasies about "Peace with Honour," and "rectified scientific frontiers," a nation in debt, depression of trade, misery of every kind, and you have the result of the "spirited foreign policy," of Lord Beaconsfield and his satellites.

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